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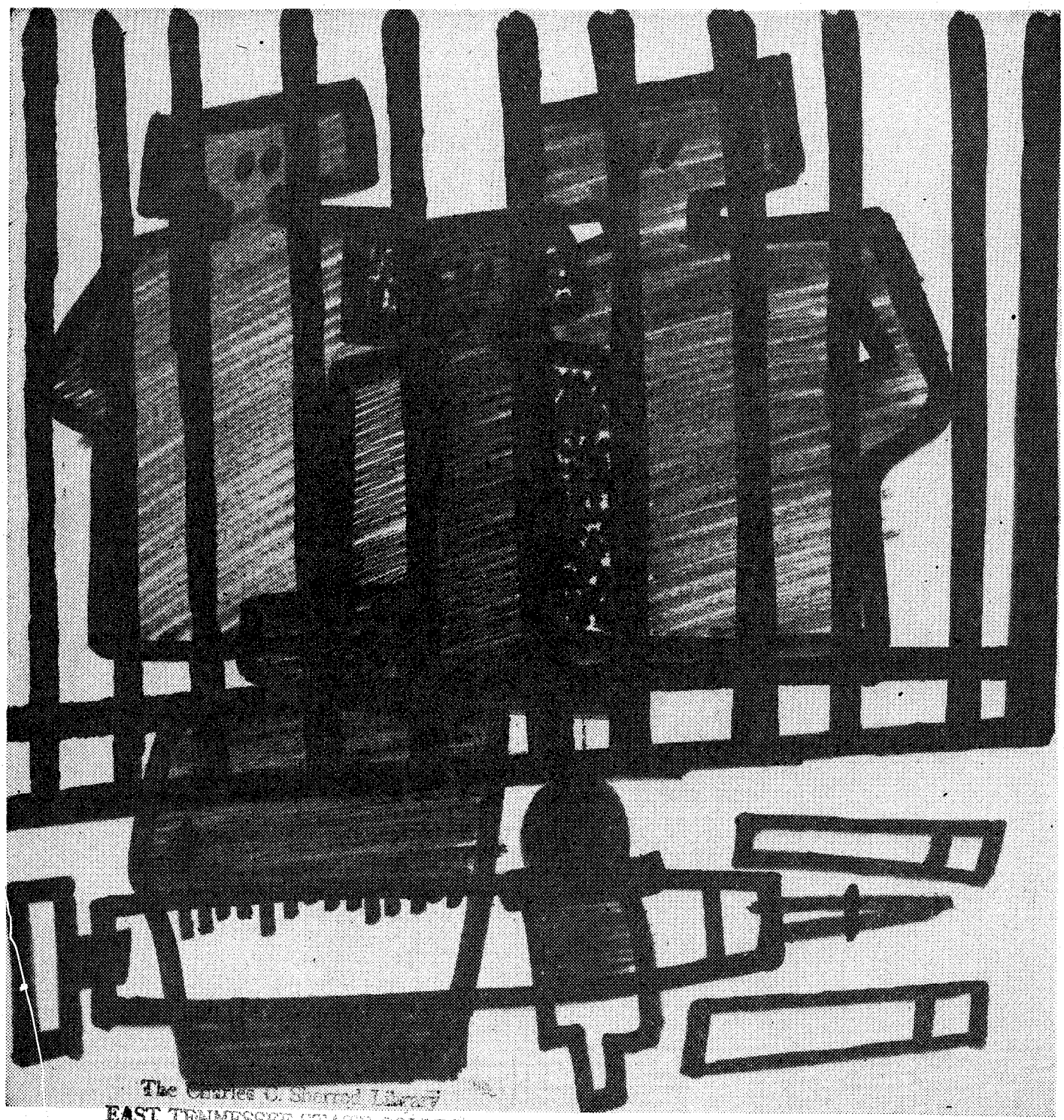

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DOPE: Congress Encourages the Traffic

Alfred R. Lindesmith

MAR 14

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LETTERS

The Novel of Ideas

Dear Sirs: I was delighted to come across the article by Lewis Dabney in your issue of February 23, entitled "The American Novel in the Age of Conformity." Here is a contribution on this subject which does not rehearse the vapid attitudes of those who claim to understand either what is tedious about our novels or what is stultifying in our society, and claim finally to be able to make the two fit.

Mr. Dabney seems to have struck a profitable vein for speculation in insisting on the social implication of the novel itself, and in forcing evaluations of the novel in terms of its ability to understand the conditions imposed on human beings by their social condition. I think there are questionable statements or suggestions in Mr. Dabney's article: he never clearly tells us what he means by "idea," and what necessary association ideas have with "society"; and he does not make the necessary distinction which would justify his very different evaluations of the writers of the "sensibility" school and writers such as Ellison and Bourjaily who appear, in Mr. Dabney's formulations, to have performed the same act of discarding "society" through repugnance. There surely is a difference here.

Mr. Dabney might also have mentioned that ultimately, the novel of ideas is compelled to question the concept of society itself, not merely a particular form of society. It is the necessary social field, which is essential to the being of the novel itself, that must be examined by the novel of ideas. A paradoxical and inspiring condition for our best minds.

My own subjective rambles nothwithstanding, I was truly stimulated by Mr. Dabney's treatment of this subject.

PHILIP M. ALLEN

Alexandria, Va.

Understanding Africa

Dear Sirs: Whatever other purpose it may serve, Vice President Nixon's current well-publicized tour of Africa serves to dramatize the growing importance of that continent from the American point of view. In this connection, as a member of the American Committee on Africa, I would like to draw attention to our independent-minded paper, *Africa Today*, and especially to the issue which we have put out to commemorate the independence of the world's newest country, Ghana. I wonder if greater identification by alert Americans with the colonial struggle in Africa might not help to forestall unfortunate political crises in that country. And might not greater moral and financial help to the few struggling liberals in South Africa, who are trying to sustain themselves against the aggressions of a hostile government, change the future history of this area also?

The Africa of the future needs us—and when the future arrives, America may, more than we now think, be in need of Africa.

JOAN COLEBROOK

4 West 40th Street
New York City

Enough of Miracles

Dear Sirs: Robert Hatch's well-taken points in re Hitchcock's *The Wrong Man* (January 5 issue) call for a few further observations. How far is the current religious trend in America taking us? Step by step our movies and TV plays are injecting more and more of the ultra-traditional supernaturalist philosophy into one creation after another. It's getting so that miracles and answered prayers are a dime a dozen and no skeptic has a ghost of a chance of surviving the script; every doubter or rationalist is slated for either intellectual annihilation or conversion (usually the latter) before the play or film is over.

Those of us who are dissenters from the current overwhelming supernaturalist monopoly still believe this country is not permanently headed for neo-medievalism. We still believe that somewhere in the recesses of our land's heart and soul and brain is somebody with the guts and will, the ability and the know-how, to challenge this almost one hundred per cent domination of the supernaturalist dogmas, even if it be in only one play or film in the next ten years.

WILLIAM E. MONOGHAN

Ridgefield, N. J.

The Nearer Target

Dear Sirs: I am a Northerner from Toledo, Ohio, although I now live in Southern California, so please understand these remarks are not the rumblings from the Deep South.

I think it would be an excellent idea if Mr. Lapidary would spend a few days touring and talking to people in the Negro slums of Detroit, Toledo or Chicago—just to mention a few. Don't you think there is a story there as good as Mr. Lapidary's "Ol' Massa Jim Eastland" in your February 9 issue? Let's work toward cleaning our own back yard instead of pot-shotting at the other fellows'.

JAMES C. JOYCE

North Hollywood, Calif.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Our Bankrupt Arms Diplomacy

Two months of debate have confirmed our misgivings about the Eisenhower Doctrine (see: *The Nation*, January 19). In adopting the resolution, Congress has approved the initiation of an arms race in an already unstable and explosive area. The doctrine deals with none of the underlying socio-economic-political problems of the Middle East. In other areas, our "arms diplomacy" has been part of a larger package; in this instance the package contains nothing but arms. For Administration double-talk to the contrary, the $200,000,000 in aid will be largely spent for projects which are basically military in character.

Against whom will the arms that we supply be pointed? Not against the Russians. By one Arab state against another? Even more unlikely. Against Israel? Vengeful as the Arab states may be, they have acquired a new respect for Israel's power to defend itself. Of greater importance, moreover, is the fact that Israel, by withdrawing its troops, has established a claim of the highest moral and legal authority on both the U.N. and this country for prompt, vigorous support should it be attacked. The portion of the Middle East marked "Israel" is on the map to stay, and the Arabs know it.

The intended "target," then, must be the not-so-loyal opposition found within the various Arab states receiving arms. In short, the weapons that will flow to the Middle East will be used to bolster up reactionary regimes in an area that feels menaced by "communism" (read: any mass nationalist movement aimed at supplanting a regime which has obtained Washington's approval).

The chief beneficiaries will be Arab states with the largest oil resources; the extent of arms will correlate roughly with the scale of the resources. An exception will be Egypt which, if it finally decides to "play ball" with Washington, might receive arms in quantities not correlated to oil potentialities.

But if the underlying purpose of the doctrine is to safeguard Western Europe's oil supplies, then why should we be making the guarantee alone and without the formal united support of the fifteen nations in Europe (not including Austria), with a population of 280 million in whose interests we are supposed to be acting? The circumstance that Britain and France have little influence in the Middle East at the moment does not satisfactorily explain the unilateral nature of our action. The Soviets are not directly interested in Middle Eastern oil; they export oil. Doubtless they would like to be in a position to cut off Western Europe's sources but, practically speaking, this could only come about through the assumption of power by regimes under strong Soviet dominance. As Nasser and Mossadegh have demonstrated, strong nationalist movements in Arab lands rely on "nationalization" of resources as a major political dynamic. It is precisely at this point that the "threat" arises. Senator Kefauver, in a speech outlining his opposition to the doctrine, points out that on August 13, at a meeing of the Foreign Petroleum Supply Committee (made up of representatives of major oil companies and various government agencies), Mr. Dulles made it clear that the nationalization of resources, even if compensation were assured, might warrant "international intervention" if the asset nationalized were "impressed with international interest." No doubt oil is impressed with international interest. Little doubt, also, that any regime that came to power in Iraq or Saudi Arabia on a program which stressed "nationalization" would be promptly tagged as "Communist dominated."

The doctrine, then, is arms diplomacy in its crudest form, unrelieved by any of the ameliorative measures that elsewhere have accompanied military aid programs. As Senator Kefauver said: "We have seen by experience that very little of the royalties which these potentates are getting really reaches the people." But the arms which we supply these potentates will be pointed directly at the people.

Childe Harold and Disarmament

Washington

The current gag in the nation's capital is President Eisenhower's remark to Harold Stassen: "Don't just do something, Harold. Stand there."

Even if the remark was never made, it reflects the mentality which motivated the President's recent demotion of his Special Assistant for Disarmament. If Mr. Stassen still designates himself as Secretary for Peace, it's because he's been told to keep his peace. He retains his title. He also stays on the White House payroll at $22,500 a year. But the crux is that he is no longer to report direct to President Eisenhower. He

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has been made one of Secretary Dulles' subordinates.

Mr. Dulles said the change was ordered because the job of Stassen's disarmament bureau at the White House "is moving into the field of negotiations with foreign governments." But, of course, the transfer was really punitive. Childe Harold was demoted because of his unpopularity in the Republican Party after his bungling attempt last year to deprive Richard Nixon of the Vice-Presidency.

More recently, while Mr. Dulles was attending the NATO Council in Paris in December, Mr. Stassen blurted some remarks out of turn at a "background" lunch with reporters in Washington. He led newsmen to understand that the United States may sharply cut its armed forces in Europe, especially in Germany. Almost the same story, first published in the New York *Times* last July, gave 81-year-old German Chancellor Adenauer a frightful shock. The *Times* report told of a memorandum written by Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, envisaging an 800,000 man curtailment of U. S. armed forces over the next three years. Herr Adenauer thought he heard the great glass shield of American troops in Germany crash in thousands of splinters.

It took the Administration six months to persuade the chancellor that it wasn't going to happen. Just when he became convinced, along came Mr. Stassen's laundered version of the same story. The vexed Mr. Dulles undoubtedly felt that if anyone was going to put a foot in his mouth, it ought to be his own foot.

But the greater damage was wrought when the President pushed Mr. Stassen downstairs. The humiliation of the Presidential Assistant came shortly before the reopening of the five-nation disarmament talks in London next Monday. There the U.N. subcommittee on disarmament is to meet again after almost a year. Its membership includes the United States, Britain, France, Canada and the Soviet Union. Last year Mr. Stassen's part in these negotiations seemed important to the other participants for one simple reason. They saw him as a direct channel to President Eisenhower, whom they trust as much as they distrust Mr. Dulles.

If the President had given Stassen the skid last autumn or next summer, it wouldn't have mattered nearly as much. As it is, the timing debased the currency of the disarmament negotiations about to begin in the British capital.

As the subcommittee prepares to start its talks, indications are that it will do no more than recommend that notice of H-bomb tests shall be made in advance to the United Nations. A Canadian-Norwegian-Japanese proposal to that effect is before the U. N. assembly. As all five members of the subcommittee support it, the modest little suggestion will probably be adopted. It falls far short of the proposal of Adlai Stevenson and other sane men that H-bomb tests be entirely prohibited. It lags much further behind the still wiser idea that *production* of these monstrosities be halted everywhere and the stockpiles demolished.

If the little notification shenanigan is all that we may expect to come out of London, the delegates might as well stay home and relax while the world grows more tense. We feel sure that President Eisenhower would prefer to retard the armaments madness, but his timing of Mr. Stassen's relegation to the semi-doghouse created a different impression.

COURAGE IN ACTION

KOINONIA REVISITED . . *by Dora Byron*

(An earlier report on Koinonia Farm appeared in The Nation *of September 22, 1956.*

Americus, Georgia

KOINONIA FARM looked much like any other farm along the Dawson road. The level fields of freshly turned red clay reached into the sunset, and a few early blooming peach trees were pink clouds against the grey sky. A supper-time stillness lay over the modest cluster of buildings at the farm's entrance.

DORA BYRON is a free-lance writer and news editor of Emory University, Georgia.

Here was Koinonia, the bi-racial community that was fighting for its life in South Georgia.

For several months the farm had been the victim of boycott and violence, and now the Ku Klux Klan was offering to "help" negotiate a sale. Perhaps twilight was an appropriate time to be visiting Koinonia, the communal colony that fourteen years ago took its name from the Greek word "fellowship."

I left my car and knocked on the door of one of the homes.

When I returned to the car a few hours later I wondered if dawn could have been a more appropriate time.

I talked with the founder and officials of the community. I talked with some of the members—a Hungarian refugee, a bearded Canadian, a Seattle plumber and a minister in the Church of the Disciples. I talked with a Negro boy, a former member who was visiting at the farm. He told me that his guardian had made him leave the group, fearing for his safety. "But I'll be eighteen next month and I can do what I want to do then," he smiled. "I'm coming back in."

"The farm is not for sale at any price," founder Dr. Clarence Jordan insisted. "It has become a matter of principle. We are here to stay."

From outside this besieged little

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island come quite other opinions.

The Atlanta *Journal* commented editorially on March 1: "All credit to those at Koinonia for having the courage of their convictions, but the cards are stacked against them, as they usually are against pioneers in social experiments that fly in the face of tradition. Discretion and valor are not inconsistent, and many sects and individuals have left hostile surroundings to found their own brave new worlds in a more congenial climate."

Suggestions to "get out" are often couched in less kindly words by persons in the surrounding area of Sumter county and in nearby Americus.

George Mathews, chairman of the county commissioners, expressed it to me this way: "We got a good county here, and God knows we treat the niggers right. We aren't going to have a gang down here stirring up our Americus niggers. If they wanted to live with niggers why didn't they bring some of their own from up North? We got different niggers down here. But you should see the nice new schools we are building for them. That farm makes a lot more money than my farm does. They must be getting help from Washington, or from some place. Washington wants a yellow race, anyway. As to being a religious colony, they don't have no religion at all, and you can quote me on it. We got no room for people like them here, and we don't aim to have them around much longer."

Koinonia was founded by Dr. Jordan in 1942. A graduate in agriculture from the University of Georgia, he has seen the venture become a prosperous farm of 1,000 acres, valued at $150,000. Assisting him has been Conrad Browne, collegiate-looking father of four, who was last year's recipient of the "Alumnus Award of the Year" from the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. The award was made in recognition of his work at Koinonia.

That work has followed a strange path for a seminary graduate. Browne has headed the poultry business, set up a co-op marketing group with neighbors, served as head cook, baker, bookkeeper and buyer. Now he is assigned as speaker, letter writer and official greeter. "I'm sort of a Public Relations man," he confessed. "We had 800 visitors last year."

"People accuse us of wasting our talents," Browne mused. "But suppose I were pastor of a Baptist church in Americus? Who has heard of that church? Koinonia Farm is known far and wide, small as it is." He paused to turn down the volume of the hi-fi. "Even though I am grading eggs here I feel I am doing more to spread the real gospel of Christ than I could do in a more conventional ministry. That's the long view."

Koinonia lives from crisis to crisis. The colony was "suspect" when it was founded by a group of conscientious objectors, and was "suspect" again during the postwar hunt for Communists. But numerous investigations, both legal and not-legal, failed to turn up anything subversive.

PRESSURES have been brought on the community. Tax returns have been scrutinized. Members have been ostracized. Children have been teased. Dr. Jordan, who holds M.A. and Ph. D. degrees from a Baptist seminary, was dismissed from membership in a local Baptist church. Plans for an inter-racial camp last summer were sabotaged by a "sanitation" order (the camp moved to another state and was more successful than before).

Through it all Dr. Jordan and his group held on. "We have confidence in the people of Georgia. Georgians are Christian people," he said. "They know that God is a God of love, not of hate, and that fellowship is a thing of the heart, not of the skin."

Negroes were at first related to the communal farm as workers only, but about two years ago were admitted as full members. About one-fourth of the sixty members today are Negroes. This, combined with the tension following the Supreme Court decision on public-school segregation, has led to the present situation, Dr. Jordan believes.

Violence flared for the first time last June when a .44 calibre pistol was fired into the farm's roadside market. On July 23 a charge of dynamite wrecked part of the same building. On the night of December 26 four rounds of steel-jacketed bullets were poured into the farm's gasoline pump; on January 1 the farm's sign was riddled with bullets from an automatic rifle. Two weeks later a charge of dynamite completely demolished the roadside stand, a loss set at $13,000.

Even before this an organized economic boycott began to strangle the community. Insurance policies were cancelled. The bank where Koinonia has a perfect credit rating refused loans. The garage that had long been handling repairs and parts on vehicles refused to take the business. The local cotton gin and public livestock market were closed to Koinonia. Local companies refused to sell it fertilizer, gasoline, butane gas and building supplies. Local agencies turned down its produce. The flock of hens had to be cut back from 4,000 to 1,000.

The financial loss resulting from lack of insurance was irretrievable, but the community doggedly met the other emergencies by turning to more distant dealers.

THERE were no fears for personal safety until January 29 this year, when occupants of a speeding car fired into one in which a member of the community was sitting out a night watch. "I didn't get the license number. I was too busy ducking," said the unarmed watchman, Harry Atkinson. Moments later bullets were sprayed into a house, narrowly missing the sleeping family. One who escaped was a Michigan visitor who awoke as a bullet passed through his hat at the foot of the bed. He left the next morning, taking the hat as a souvenir of his trip South.

On February 1, two cars opened fire on the residential center about 9:15 p.m., according to Dr. Jordan. One shot skimmed by a child near a window, and boys and girls playing on the lighted volley-ball court were sprinkled with shot. No one was hurt. But a number of the thirty-three children in the colony have since been "evacuated" to friends and relatives.

The most recent outbreaks have been directed toward neighbors who continue friendly to the community, and toward relatives of Negro members. There have been random shots,

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cross burnings and barns that mysteriously catch fire. Late last month a robed but unmasked delegation from the KKK paid a formal visit to Koinonia, accompanied by seventy cars.

"We told their spokesmen that under ordinary circumstances we would listen to a reasonable offer for sale of the farm, as anyone would," said Norman Long, president of the communal group. "But these are not ordinary circumstances. A sale now would be surrender."

KOINONIA has its champions. A flood of encouraging letters reach the farm, and a steady stream of well-wishers drop by. Several ministerial and church organizations, including the Georgia Council of Churches, have passed resolutions condemning violence over the Koinonia Farm issue. A few Georgia newspapers have spoken out: the Macon *News*, the Gainesville *Times*, and the Atlanta *Constitution*.

However, James R. Blair, publisher of the Americus *Times-Recorder*, refers to Kiononia as a "cancer that should be removed." And a quick collection of opinion in Americus turned up varied viewpoints, but no support.

"They are nice people, as far as I can tell," said one store clerk. "They trade here frequently, and I have known them for years. I believe in live and let live." She frowned. "But if what I hear is true, they ought to leave." What had she heard? "Oh, that the whites and Negroes eat together and even dance together. Not that I ever saw it, you understand."

"They are a gang of crooks," said an ex-member of the Georgia state road patrol. "All this violence is an inside job. They are doing it themselves to get publicity up North and to give the county a black eye." Sheriff Fred Chappell accuses the colony of "flaunting its integration practices."

"I don't think anyone here is responsible for the violence," said a pretty secretary. "No one in Americus would shoot into houses that way, no matter what we thought of the farm. Hoodlums from outside Sumter county are causing the trouble."

One of the most prominent business men in Americus froze when I asked him to comment on the farm and the economic boycott.

"I have nothing to say," he answered, looking around nervously.

"But you did business with—"

"I have nothing to say." His hand shook.

"Isn't it true that—?"

"I can say nothing." For a moment I thought the white-haired man was going to burst into tears. I hurried out. Had I stumbled on evidence of intimidation—or a troubled conscience?

What's ahead for Koinonia? Dr. Jordan and Conrad Browne and Norman Long agree that they can't match last year's crops. Then the communal farm brought in 100 acres of peanuts, twenty-seven of cotton, forty acres of corn, forty acres of sweet-potatoes. There were 600 hogs, truck crops, tomatoes, small grains, cattle, chickens, eggs.

"We'll go in more heavily for peanuts and hogs next year," Long said. "We can't count on the extra help needed for crops like cotton, because folks around here will be afraid to work for us. We'll need to plan accordingly."

"But our real interest is more in the soul of Georgia than in the soil," added Dr. Jordan.

DOPE: Congress Encourages the Traffic . . *by Alfred R. Lindesmith*

A YEAR AGO I warned in these columns that a Senate subcommittee chaired by Senator Price Daniel had recommended for passage a new anti-narcotics bill which would set a new low in a field already characterized by ill-conceived legislation. Since that time the bill, known as the Narcotics Control Act of 1956, has become law. It increased the already severe mandatory penalties required by the Boggs law of 1951, and represents a further development of the punitive, prohibition type approach to the drug problem first established federally by the Harrison Act of 1914.

ALFRED R. LINDESMITH, author of Opiate Addiction, *is professor of sociology at Indiana University.*

Both the 1951 and 1956 enactments, as well as the hearings and recommendations of the Congressional subcommittees which led to their passage, reflect conceptions of justice and penology which can only be adequately described as medieval and sadistic.

The 1956 act calls for the following penalties for illegal possession of drugs: (1) first offense, two to ten years' imprisonment and a fine not to exceed $20,000; (2) second offense, five to twenty years' imprisonment and a fine up to $20,000; (3) third or subsequent offense, ten to forty years' imprisonment plus a maximum fine of $20,000. For first and second *selling* offenses the penalties are the same as in (2) and (3); for the sale of heroin by a person over eighteen years of age to anyone under eighteen the penalty is the same as (3) with the additional provision that the death penalty may be applied at the discretion of a jury.

The minimum penalties for all offenses except (1) are mandatory; probation, suspension of sentence and parole are specifically forbidden. The elimination of parole means that persons convicted under the law will no longer be eligible for parole after serving a third of their time, but will have to serve at least two-thirds. The death penalty is primarily a gesture, since very few cases of the kind to which it might apply are ever tried before a jury and because juries are in any case reluctant to impose the extreme penalty.

One of the basic injustices of the narcotic laws in general, and of the recent laws in particular, is that the

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penalties fall mainly upon the victims of the traffic—the addicts—rather than upon the dope racketeers against whom they are designed. Assistant Attorney General Warren Olney III explained this to the Boggs subcommittee:

> Probably the most serious difficulty with the narcotic laws is the fact that they make no distinction between the violator who is a profiteering racketeer and the violator who in many respects is a victim of the drug itself, the addict. The same law is applicable to both and they are also subject to the same penalties. Unfortunately the addict and the petty pusher are much more easily apprehended than the major trafficker, who is the source of supply and is several echelons removed from the last seller who deals with the illicit consumer. The result is that the present rather severe penalties are more often applied to the relatively minor violator than to the "big shot" for whom they were designed.

The truth of this statement is borne out by the fact that even on the federal level, where there is a higher proportion of important peddling cases than in the state courts, over half of the defendants are addicts.

In Chicago, Senator Daniel and the state's attorney for Cook County, John Gutknecht, discussed the prevalence of Negro defendants among those charged with violation of narcotic laws. It was agreed that Negro peddlers operated mainly in the lower and middle branches of the illicit traffic and that they obtained their supplies ultimately from white gangsters who scarcely ever appear in the Chicago courts. Mr. Gutknecht said: "The white race is responsible for the distribution of narcotics in America, and let's not kid ourselves. The others are the victims." The discussion than turned to ways and means of providing more severe punishment for the "victims"!

There was agreement in the Congressional hearings concerning the difficulty in catching the "big shots." R. Tieken, United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, testified:

> The narcotics importer and wholesaler are professionals. They have plenty of money, powerful allies and expert knowledge of how to evade the law and escape detection. They

> are not addicts and seldom handle drugs themselves. They have no bank accounts and deal only in cash. Their errands are run by others who transport the drugs and conduct the sales.
>
> To convict the big operator is a difficult task and we fully appreciate that we are nowhere near the big operator when we arrest the pusher who sells to the addict. Even when the pusher tells all he knows we only reach the dealer—merely one step up the ladder. The ladder may have several steps before it reaches the big importer and the profits from importing and distributing narcotics are enormous.

The only measure suggested for getting at the "big shots" was legalized wire tapping; such a clause was deleted from the bill before passage.

Even assuming that the big traffickers could be caught, it is a further absurdity that the new narcotic laws do not necessarily increase the penalties against them. An illustration will clarify the point. In 1936, fifteen years before the Boggs Act, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics described in its annual report the breaking up of a dope ring which had operated in Texas, obtaining its supplies from a source in Chicago which in turn had gotten them from a higher source in New York. The six principals were convicted and received punishment as follows: L. Ginsberg, fifty years and a $10,000 fine; E. D. Smith, G. Payne and J. C. Allen, twenty years and a $2,000 fine each; J. Walker, seventeen years and $3,000; U. Eichenbaum, ten years and $2,000.

These persons were clearly not "big shots," but they were fairly important middle-echelon dealers. Offenders of this caliber are not very often caught and are therefore usually first offenders. Were they tried today under the 1956 law, the *minimum* mandatory penalty applicable to them would be five years—a much shorter sentence than they actually received. Of course, they could get more, but only at the discretion of the judge. Sentences tend to run longer now not because important operators are being caught more often, but because the law requires heavier penalties for minor offenders.

The Congressional subcommittees seemed to accept *in the abstract* the idea that drug users are diseased persons (the Supreme Court declared in 1924 in the Lindner case [268 U.S. 5] that "[addicts] are diseased and proper subjects for [medical] treatment"). But as a practical matter the "treatment" now accorded addicts consists of imprisonment and police harassment.

BESIDES being subject to punishment for possession and sale of drugs, and for crimes committed to raise money with which to purchase supplies, the drug user is subject to local police harassment merely for being, or having been, addicted. Illinois, for example, requires that addicts register as such; punishment is provided for those who fail to register or to carry identification cards. If the user has registered and possesses a card when he is picked up, he can be charged under a Chicago ordinance for "loitering." A state "needle" law provides penalties for the unauthorized possession of hypodermic needles or other paraphernalia of addiction. Police policy is simply to arrest and search any known addict and his companions on sight and to charge them in court with loitering if nothing more serious is turned up.

The local laws do not apply to non-addicted peddlers, who are thus

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in an advantageous position compared to the user. Moreover the peddler, generally represented by competent counsel, finds that illegal police practices often bring him acquittal and that he enjoys the full benefit of the presumption of innocence. To the addict, on the other hand, the presumption of innocence and other provisions of the Constitution are meaningless. For him the police state is already in being.

AT THE Chicago hearings of the Daniel subcommittee, it was testified that most of the drug users brought into the Chicago Narcotics Court were discharged as illegally arrested. Gutknecht commented:

> In view of my background as a law professor, I am very jealous of civil rights, civil rights of individuals. One of the things I determined when I got in there was that I was going to be particularly careful about that. I must say this to you, that where narcotic addicts are concerned, I haven't had many complaints, though I do know the police are a little prone to pick up these men. They [the police] have protection of an ordinance, and I must say the problem is so serious that even if we must admit some of their civil rights are being violated, you have to go along with a certain amount of that fringe violation, if you know what I mean.

The reaction of the members of the subcommittee was to complain that not enough of those illegally arrested were jailed and that, for those sent to prison, sentences were too short.

IN THE Chicago Narcotics Court and in other similar courts in our large cities, there is a long, shabby, pitiful parade of indigent drug users and petty offenders, mostly Negroes. These persons, except in the rare instances when they happen to be represented by lawyers, are hustled through the courts with such haste that a decent defense is precluded. The notion that punishing these victims will deter the lords of the dope traffic is as naive as supposing that the bootlegging enterprises of the late Al Capone could have been destroyed by arresting drunks on West Madison Street or Times Square.

Apart from the fact that jails and prisons are not currently supposed to be regarded as appropriate places for diseased persons, the incarceration of addicts is bad on other grounds as well. James V. Bennett, Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, criticized the 1951 act as follows: "I feel the law is a mistake. It is certainly a mistake so far as addicts are concerned. I feel that it has handicapped our efforts to salvage and rehabilitate them and has complicated our institutional problems." Association within a prison tends to spread addiction among criminals and criminality among addicts. The stigma of criminality and the influence of prison associations make the drug habit more difficult to break.

Even if it were possible to establish institutions in which all known addicts could be locked up for the rest of their lives, such a program would be futile. The big-shot dealers would still be at large, creating new generations of users. There is, in short, no substitute for punishment of the guilty. As long as addicts rather than peddlers bear the brunt of the penalties, the traffic is bound to continue.

THERE IS an economic reason for the persistence of the illegal drug trade in the face of growing public indignation and increasing penalties. Police success in arresting drug distributors inevitably raises prices and increases profits; the illicit traffic thus depends in part upon the efforts made to suppress it. Reports on the operations of dope rings and on the value of seized drugs act as advertisements which lure new talent into the business. Since those who make the profits are non-addicts, and not the same persons as those who take the risks, punishment of the latter does not deter the former but only increases their profits.

A curious feature of our narcotics laws is that their enforcement is to a great extent actually placed in the hands of the drug addicts themselves, who act as police informers. One purpose of police harassment of addicts is the securing of information and the recruitment of informers. Addicts are used to "set up" the peddlers from whom they buy their supplies. The addict-informer does this by making a purchase with marked money. When the transaction is concluded, the police attempt to clinch the case by arresting the peddler and recovering the marked money from him. Without this kind of help the police would be relatively helpless.

Since the informer, or "stool pigeon," is ordinarily rewarded by being allowed to continue his addiction (as well as in other more direct ways which cannot be disclosed in court), it is easy to understand why, when the defendant-peddler is a non-addict who can afford a competent attorney, it is at this point that the case for the prosecution becomes vulnerable. Since the stool pigeon is himself often a criminal engaged in the same enterprises as the defendant, and since he is being paid by the police to give testimony which will convict a fellow criminal, his evidence often requires police corroboration.

Mandatory penalties assist the police to recruit informers. The discretion, which mandatory punishment removes from the court, is transferred to the police and the prosecution, who use it to bargain with the accused for guilty pleas and for information. Addicts who inform secure immunity from punishment, lighter punishment or release on probation.

THE USE OF drug-using stool pigeons in the enforcement of the law is a complicated and unsavory matter which was not examined by the Congressional committees. It sometimes involves the police in violations of the narcotic laws and of other laws as well, and it leads to erratic enforcement because the penalties may be inflicted for failure to cooperate with the police rather than for the crime committed. The very abundance of informers among street-corner drug users has become a problem, with the police of one jurisdiction sometimes arresting informers working for another or with informers trying to make "buys" from each other.

The informer technique almost never leads to the top operators. Important dealers take extensive precautions against betrayal and often

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kill those who squeal. Moreover, there are few informers in the upper branches of the traffic, both because addicts are excluded and because the bigger dealers do business only with persons whom they have known for a long time and who have already proved their ability to resist police "interrogation." The consequence of all this is that the chief result of the addict's activities as a minor law-enforcement officer is to send his fellow addicts to jail.

The present punitive controls have been in effect since the Harrison Act of 1914. The injustice of punishing the victim of the traffic instead of the real culprits has been evident from the beginning to those familiar with the operation of the law, but it has not been evident to the public. The emergence of the traffic into a national scandal merely enabled the politicians to exploit the problem; they point in alarm, they denounce—and they demand heavier and still heavier penalties. That the penalties fall upon the victim rather than the culprit makes no difference; what politician bothers to rush to the defense of "dope fiends"?

The pressure exerted by an aroused public opinion upon essentially unjust, ineffective and unenforceable laws has resulted in a process of degenerative change. Laws have become unreasonably cruel and inflexible and are now, to a considerable extent, designed in the interests of police expediency rather than of justice. In this whole process, the forgotten man has been the addict. His degradation and hopelessness have been made more complete by denying him the benefits of care from the healing professions and by turning the unsolved medical problem of addiction over to the police.

LIMITATIONS OF AN ARMS DIPLOMACY

MUDDLE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA . . *by W. Macmahon Ball*

This is the third article of a series appraising America's "arms diplomacy" in various regions.

Melbourne, Australia

FOR NEARLY TEN years now the United States has been sending arms in great variety and volume to all sorts of governments in all sorts of places. It was a costly program, but the cost was thought worthwhile. When the fear of Communist military assault made all other fears seem trivial, it seemed sound sense to put arms into the hands of any men who would use them against the common enemy. The world seemed as simple as that and the reasoning as self-evident.

Though a global war has been averted, there is today much disappointment and disillusionment about foreign military-aid programs. The record provides plenty of reasons. It was sometimes hard to ensure that the arms reached the right address, as in China in 1949. Sometimes the recipients patently lacked the technical and military skill, or the morale, to use them effectively. At other places, as in Indochina, they were used with reasonable skill and in great quantities, but were unable to achieve their political objectives. In some circumstances it was impossible to prevent American arms being used for quite different purposes than America had intended—to prevent NATO arms provided to protect Western Europe from Russia being used in North Africa against Algerians or Egyptians. And the lavish gifts of arms generally failed to evoke a sense of gratitude and friendliness in the recipients, still less to stir them to make their own contribution to the common defense.

Looking back, the mistakes seem obvious. There was for a time a general assumption in Washington that all non-Communist governments should feel, as Washington did, that communism was the greatest evil in the world, that the danger of overt military attack was immediate, and that the only way to escape the Communist menace was to follow without question American military and political leadership. But many of America's ostensible allies did not feel like that. Some of them felt that war was an evil greater than communism. Some felt they were expected to subordinate their own national interests to playing the role of vulnerable and expendable military outposts of North America. Between the United States and her friends there was no common assessment of dangers and no agreed plan to meet them. Even those nations eager for American arms felt that if they were to provide the men to use them they must have a fuller say in the purposes for which they were to be used. The lesson of these last years is that it is certainly wasteful and possibly dangerous to scatter arms around the world unless they are to serve a common military strategy, and that there can be no common strategy without an agreed political objective and a fair measure of agreement on the part that should be played by military and non-military measures in pursuit of the objective.

It is a good time to try to apply these principles to Southeast Asia. What is the political objective that can be shared by the West and the non-Comunist countries in this region? I think it can be stated simply. It is to maintain the national independence and promote the economic and social progress of the Asian nations. It can be nothing less and nothing more than that. It must not include any project to overthrow, or

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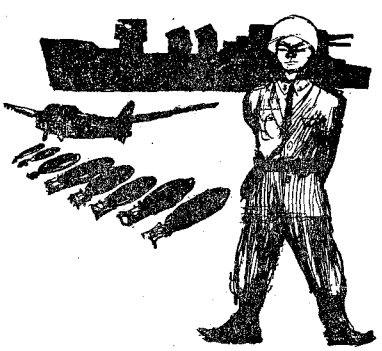
even undermine, the Communist regimes in China and neighboring areas. It must include a clear repudiation of any plan to alter existing boundaries by force. This means the repudiation of the stated aims of Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee, and ending the danger that they might use American arms to further personal ambitions. It implies the acceptance of Communist China as a great Asian power, and efforts, however wary, to forge links of mutual benefit between China, her neighbors and the West. Here is one objective which all the governments of Southeast Asia are eager to promote. And there are increasing signs that the West may soon be ready to follow the same course.

The next step is for the West carefully to reassess the part which military measures can play in promoting the overall political objective, and the sort of military measures appropriate. There are again signs that the West is coming closer to the view of the Colombo powers — the view that economic failure and political disunity is a bigger danger than assault from without, and that it is therefore more important today to help build healthy progressive economies than to build military forces.

What has all this got to do with arms diplomacy? Does it mean that all efforts should be concentrated on achieving economic progress and political stability, and that we can forget all about the military defense of the region? It hardly means that. However unlikely it is that China will risk an act of overt military aggression in the foreseeable future, the possibility cannot be wholly ruled out.



There are broadly two ways in which Communist expansion by armed force might be resisted—by massive retaliation against the source of aggression, or by a localized effort to resist and repel the aggressive forces. Until perhaps eighteen months ago, the American official view was that any act of Communist aggression in any part of Southeast Asia should be met by massive retaliation, not necessarily at the point where the aggression took place. Mr. Dulles has always insisted that the Northern and Southern regions of East Asia should be treated as one front. The British have taken a different view. While they agree with America that a Communist attack should be resisted, they are anxious to limit and localize the resulting conflict. They would depend, not on the use of nuclear weapons by long-range bombers, but on conventional weapons—plus perhaps some technical atomic weapons—by ground and air forces in the local area of conflict.

BUT recent events may have made it necessary to re-think both American and British policies. There are some signs that Mr. Dulles is coming to feel that except in the direst circumstances, massive retaliation may be too hot to handle. The *Life* article of January, 1956, seemed to reveal this change. "Retaliation," Mr. Dulles wrote, "must be on a selective basis. The important thing is that the aggressor must know in advance he is going to lose more than he can win. He doesn't have to lose *much* more. It just has to be *something* more." This brings official American and British thinking much closer. In practice the use of strategic weapons is a ticklish business in Southeast Asia. Lightly armed troops infiltrating through jungles are not appropriate targets for big bombs. And if the bombs are used against the major military installations or the cities of the power which is sponsoring the local aggression, they may turn a little war with conventional weapons into a big war with nuclear weapons. The massive strategic power that American can deploy in the Pacific is not safe or economical or selective enough to deal with a little war on the Asian mainland. And today little wars are more likely than big ones. It has been said with some truth that the nuclear stalemate provides an open season for little wars.

In the meantime, Britain's power of military intervention in Southeast Asia—however local and limited—has been rapidly reduced. As a result of the Suez adventure, her moral prestige in Asia has nearly collapsed, her total resources have been depleted and her special rights on the Middle Eastern highway to East Asia have been lost. Britain is now denied both bases and facilities in Ceylon and her position in Singapore is far from assured. It is true that Abdul Rahman's government has offered the continued use of bases for the Commonwealth strategic reserve in Malaya after the federation achieves independence and that Britain is building new airfields in the Maldive Islands. The present Australian government may be prepared to make a larger con-

Upsetting the Balance

Kabul, Afghanistan

Unfortunately ... American efforts to help Afghanistan maintain its independence are increasingly crippled by [U. S.] policies in South Asia and the Middle East. Our stepped-up shipments of arms to Pakistan, which were designed to keep Soviet military power behind its borders, are in reality opening the doors to Soviet economic and political penetration.

Although both Pakistan and Afghanistan are Moslem states, they are at least as suspicious and fearful of each other as are India and Pakistan. When we move into a complex situation of this kind to send a flood of the most modern arms to one country, we antagonize the others, increase the divisions among them all, and upset the balance of power in the entire region.

...This plays directly into the hands of the Russians. To help match the arms we gave Pakistan, Moscow offered modern arms to the Afghans and their offer was accepted. No one knows the extent of the shipments, but they are substantial.

CHESTER BOWLES
in the *Washington Post*

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tribution to the Commonwealth forces in Malaya to lighten the British burden, but the Australian Labor Party is opposed to maintaining any Australian forces in Southeast Asia. The general trend seems clear. The Western military presence, however purely defensive its intentions, is increasingly resented by Asians, and Britain's power to take an independent military line has probably ended.

What provisions then can be made to resist a possible Communist military advance in Southeast Asia if America can only intervene in too big a way to be appropriate and Britain in too small a way to be effective? It seems that the West may at last be prepared to accept the proposition it has been so reluctant to accept in the past—that it is only possible to defend Southeast Asia with the active will of the people who live there. The unwillingness of Southeast Asian countries in the past to be active in their own defense has not been due to any doctrinaire pacificism or to the conviction that they were in no possible danger. It has been due largely to the belief that joining in the Western devised and controlled alliances would increase rather than reduce their dangers. The Southeast Asian nations want to work out defense measures, but they want to be sure that these measures serve their own interests *as they see them;* not mainly Western interests nor even their own interests as Westerners see them. This is not to suggest that the countries of the region could at present, by their own resources, effectively resist a major attack. But it is one thing to ask for Western help and another to have it conferred upon you in forms you resent and for purposes that are not your own. If the assumption is correct that the initiative and responsibility for the defense of Southeast Asia must be left to the nations that live there, and that their objective will be not to align themselves with either of the big power blocs but to maintain their national independence against either, the problem of military aid takes a new form. It would no longer be a question of giving aid to an ally in return for bases, or for assurances about foreign-policy alignments. It would be giving, if and when requested, to nations that would have complete control of what was given to them, in the confidence that their objectives were in harmony with your own.

The conclusion, then, is that however great the mistakes made in offering and giving military aid in the past, and however grave the political miscalculations associated with these programs, this is no reason for concluding that any and every sort of military aid should be dropped. If the West wants to help the nations of Southeast Asia to resist any military threat to their national independence—and if this, however unlikely, should occur—it is better to give them arms than to try to induce them to provide bases or to join military pacts. There is nothing wrong with Western arms, but there has been a great deal wrong with Western diplomacy.

Basis for a New Political Philosophy . . *by David Thomson*

Cambridge, England

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY has run more than half its course without producing any pre-eminent political thinker able to teach and preach a political theory appropriate to the conditions of our times. We have no John Locke or Edmund Burke, no Jeremy Bentham or John Stuart Mill, not even a T. H. Green or a Karl Marx. A great intellectual tradition seems to have come to an end, leaving no living heir and little material wealth from which to make a theory of politics completely apt to our present society.

Yet the last half-century has been particularly rich in both social experiment and diversified political experience: and the great political manifestoes of the past, even when they most looked like ideological programs for the future, were in fact generalizations drawn from experience and rooted in contemporary conditions. Locke's *Second Treatise on Government,* the American Declaration of Independence, the French Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, even the teachings of Marx, were all interpretations of concrete experience projected into synthetic principles for future action. In Michael Oakeshott's favorite simile, they were like receipts in a cook-book—abstracts of somebody's knowledge of how to cook, intelligible only to those who already knew, by acquired skill, how to interpret and carry out their intentions. In no sense were they mere *a priori* deductions or speculations. They were activated by the political skill of practitioners versed in the possibilities that were latent in existing conditions. The great operative theories of government cannot be divorced from living societies, from a context of working government. Marxism would have been as meaningless and valueless to Americans in 1776 as would the Whiggery of John Locke to the Russians of 1917.

Our present lack of any coherent system of political thought reflects, in part, a flight from politics and from the endemic violence of our times. It has been suggested that "faced with Hiroshima and Belsen, a man is unlikely to address himself to a neat and original theory of political obligation." Neither in multi-party nor in single-party states have conditions and trends favored reflection on a theory of political activity. In liberal democracy it became common to take—or pretend to take—more and more things "out of politics": the constitutional monarchy in Britain and Scandinavia, religion and the churches, the police

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and the bureaucracy, the ever-increasing number of highly important economic and social activities entrusted to "public corporations." Single-party states killed political reflection in an opposite way—by leaving it no margin of freedom and little to debate, smothering it in authoritarian dogmas and irrational doctrines.

Conservative thought, anxious to regulate change in the interests of order, has tended to favor bureaucracy or even technocracy, both of which reduce government to routine methods and mechanistic principles, to a craft of administration rather than an art of politics. If you believe that "business is business" it is tempting to assume, too, that "politics is politics," that government, like economic activity, is best conducted on self-regulatory principles. The traditional English Tory view, that "whate'er is best administered is best," blends disconcertingly into the Marxist-Leninist view that "the government of men will give place to the administration of things."

AT THE SAME time Socialist thought has tended to cling for its creed to a revolutionary tradition that had become more traditionalist than revolutionary. A pattern of revolution that becomes set and stereotyped becomes in effect a conservative force, encouraging its adherents to look backwards and to imitate rather than to adapt and create. The more closely Lenin's adaptation of Marxism fitted Russian needs the less well was it likely to suit the needs of any other country. Yet until a decade ago Socialists everywhere, even when not themselves Marxists, felt constrained to defend the behavior of Bolshevism and to justify the policies of the Soviet Union. Only in the last three years has the resurgence of authentic Social Democracy in Eastern Europe exposed the fossilization that had taken place in the revolutionary traditions of 1917. The first steps towards finding an adequate political philosophy is to shake ourselves free from the inhibiting and distorting concepts that still clutter our political thinking.

Since the prevalent political philosophies, on whose legacies we still try to live, are no longer adequate, we need to think out afresh, hard and fundamentally, the philosophy of the modern state. The Welfare State has come to stay and is certain to grow. Individual and family needs for organized social security in modern industrial society, the nation's economic necessity to ensure full employment of its resources, the world's need for international aid in development and defense, are inherent in our present civilization. These needs will demand satisfaction from every political party and from any form of government. Here is the impetus of inherent necessity that has traditionally stimulated men to reshape their political creeds. Here, too, is fast accumulating that experience from which an appropriate philosophy of politics can be fashioned—the base from which it must begin if it is to fulfill the traditional function of political philosophy.

WHAT, then, are the elements that would enter into any more integrated political theory of the Welfare State? There would be, first, a positive theory of government to match the positive, dynamic activities of a state that is committed to the pursuit of social welfare, social security and full employment. Theories of checks and balances and of a separation of powers consort badly with widespread acceptance of strong, unified, central authority, necessarily, entrusted with large powers to promote social well-being. The new theory must start from the assumption that modern government will be accorded a degree of power, discretionary authority and freedom of action large enough for it to fulfill the expectations of the citizens of a Welfare State. The dualism of nineteenth-century liberal thought, that put politics and economics into different categories of activity, must be discarded. It represents a dichotomy that is now utterly unrealistic.

Secondly, if a new theory of the state must accept far-ranging state activity in economic life, it should allow for such activity being conducted through many persons other than the state's bureaucrats. Distinctions have already appeared between the civil servant, employed directly by a department of state, and the public servant, engaged in the work of new "public corporations" which, in Britain and France, have been entrusted with the management of so many of the "nationalized" industries and utility services. There has also appeared a large new class of "international public servants," employed by the multitude of international functional agencies and enjoying unique political rights and financial privileges. Professional groups of doctors, scientists, lawyers, academics, traditionally enjoying large measures of autonomy in a liberal-democratic state, find that their professional work now involves them in more intimate contacts and intricate relationships with public authorities. These groups, like the trade unions and co-operative organizations, still lack any coherent principles that should determine their place and functions in such a society. There exists, for example, no moral and political theory on which to base a consistent, realistic, public policy toward strikes, whether official or unofficial, industrial or professional.

THIRDLY, the political theory of the Welfare State would have to comprise a complete reformulation of concepts of private property. None of the traditional theories adequately explains or describes the complex of private earnings, fiscal appropriations and enjoyment of free social services and benefits that constitutes the net real income of the modern citizen. A property right is none the less a right, and none the less real, in the form of guaranteed access to social services and benefits than in the form of separate material possessions. The new theory of rights should, like all other theories of rights, include a defined set of corresponding duties. Is there an irreducible minimum of private-property rights, in the old sense, which should be preserved in this new concept? Do the counterpart obligations of rights to "social property" include the duty to work and to abandon a claim to strike? Does the pursuit of sustained full employment

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involve an obligation to submit to retraining and re-employment in different trades—and the corresponding obligation of the state to provide facilities for retraining? It is these and similar questions that a new theory of politics must answer consistently and coherently.

Fourthly, it would reforge that link between political and ethical philosophy that has been worn so thin by our reliance on opportunism and expediency, and by that abdication of modern philosophy which prompts an Oxford don to declare that "the purpose of philosophy is to expose and elucidate linguistic muddles." To hold, as it has prevalently been held, that "business is business" and "politics is politics," and that the two kinds of activity are distinct, is to assume for each a self-evident and self-contained purpose, and so to separate both from a scale of ethical values. No kind of activity of public authorities or of private individuals can be judged good or bad (but only successful or unsuccessful in terms of technical efficiency) except by reference to an agreed set of social and moral values. The Welfare State, by its very existence, implies abandonment of the old faith in self-regulating mechanisms in economic life and in *laissez-faire*. It exists to provide whatever the community regards as beneficial and good. If the community regards automobiles, TV sets and football pools as of greater value than better schools, more generous care of old people and a creative use of leisure, then the democratic state will provide more automobiles, TV sets and football pools.

A fifth and final consideration—there are many more that cannot be enumerated here—is that a political philosophy of the Welfare State, if it is to be also a democratic philosophy, must include a theory of the relation between action by public authorities and action by voluntary associations. Lord Beveridge is entitled to be thought of as the apostle of the Welfare State not merely because of his famous *Report on Social Insurance and Allied Services* of 1942, but because he followed it up with his less famous but no less important examinations of *Full Employment in a Free Society* (1944) and *Voluntary Action* (1948). In the last he urged that the state should encourage, protect and even support by public money, every kind of voluntary action for social advance or social service, so elaborating the principle that he had laid down in the original Beveridge report that "social security must be achieved by co-operation between the state and the individual." But much more remains to be done, in the light of subsequent experience, to evolve a comprehensive theory of the functional division between those services best provided by the state, those best provided by separate voluntary action and those most suitably provided by state-aided voluntary action. In the fields of education and superannuation, Britain recognizes such distinctions in practice. But she knows no worked-out theory of what principles are involved in such distinctions.

Future generations will marvel that, in a half-century when men spent so much blood and treasure checking barbarism and resisting tyranny, and when they discovered, through the operations of the Welfare State, how to implement some of the humanistic principles of mutual aid and of the Christian behest to "do unto others," philosophers continued to shun the study of human values in politics while political theorists "realistically" omitted to mention moral principles. Never has the opportunity for political philosophy been greater, nor the need of it in our culture and civilization more apparent. A world of novel social organizations and fresh experience lies waiting for its political theorist.

LOVE, TAXES and FORM 1040 . . *by Charles Boewe*

GOOD FICTION is where you find it; if our State Department seriously wants to export plausible accounts of American life it ought to distribute the gripping story of Frank and Evelyn Jones, which appears in *Your Federal Income Tax,* Treasury Department Publication No. 17. Going at the price of thirty cents a copy, this booklet is bound to be a runaway bestseller in the United States by April 15, but we can surely spare a few hundred thousand copies for overseas markets.

The short but far from simple annals of Frank and Evelyn comprise Chapter 44 of *Your Federal Income Tax,* taking up only twelve pages of text and illustrations. The story makes its artistic impact by the reproduction of the actual sheets of the Joneses' tax return. The characters come alive, so to speak, in the artifact of their labor. By the end of the story we *know* them, their little triumphs, their homely joys, their reverses and misfortunes. While the surface meaning of the story will be evident to every taxpayer, I think a few words by way of *explication de texte* will bring out the full significance of the tale and also help us appreciate the artistry of the nameless Treasury Department genius who wrote this minor masterpiece.

Our taxpayers, Frank and Evelyn, are getting along in years, yet they have lost none of the buoyancy of youth. Frank is sixty-five and his wife fifty-eight, but they were married during the past year. To each other, that is. Both had been married previously, and each had a child by the previous marriage;

CHARLES BOEWE, a post-doctoral Fellow in American Civilization at the University of Pennsylvania, describes himself as "interested in all the vagaries of the American scene."

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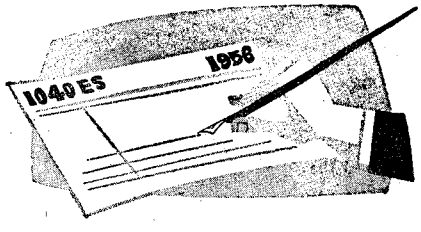
Frank, Jr., is now twenty-two and away at college, while Evelyn's daughter, Marie, is eighteen and graduated from high school last June. Marie still lives at home, home being 1323 Oak Drive in Hometown, N. Y., where Frank is a partner with his brother in a retail shoe store. Let us remark that the Adjusted Gross Income of Frank and Evelyn's joint return is $17,890.14, and we have them placed financially.

On the face of things, it looks like the good life. True, both Frank and Evelyn have had marital troubles in the past, but now they have settled down in a pleasant little house which they bought in May for $15,000, having sold their old house at a net profit of $7,250 (Schedule D). Not bad. On the other hand, Frank loaned $250 to a personal friend and lost every cent of it, and he lost heavily—for him—in stocks and bonds; in all, a setback of $1,127.75.

MORE touching is the fact that Frank had to pay his former wife, Jane Jones, now living quite high in New York City, the total of $900 in alimony, while Evelyn, who has had a minor daughter to support and educate, didn't get a dime out of her former husband. The Joneses have two cars—which is all very well, because Frank has to get down to the shoe store every day and Evelyn, though she draws a $900 pension annually as the result of a previous job (Schedule K), still holds a full-time position as a saleslady. Well, she has to. You see, there is her mother, Grace Smith, who has been an invalid for years and whose total support depends on Frank and Evelyn. And not only that, but Evelyn has to hire a woman to look after her mother, and that costs $75 a month. Ironically though, they can only deduct $150 of the nurse's wages because after Evelyn married Frank on March 1 their combined income became greater than $5,100 (see Chapter 36, "Child Care, and Disabled Dependent Care"). Yes, it has been tough going sometimes. Frank, you see, has an invalid sister whom he and his brother, the partner in the shoe store, support; and Frank spent $500 on her in 1956, though his brother *was* good enough to let Frank claim her as his exemption. Things got so bad once that Frank had to bail himself out with a personal loan from the Third National Bank, and the interest on that, along with the interest he had to pay to the Ace Building and Loan Association on the mortgage, plus the carrying charges on the new car for Evelyn, made interest come to a total of $428.67 for the year.

So it went, all year long—a little here, a little there. If Frank didn't have any gambling losses, he didn't have any winnings either. The fact is, he doesn't gamble. He does what he can for the community—gave $75, with his brother, as the contribution of the business to good causes; and he and Evelyn managed to find $152 for the church, $50 for the Community Chest, $15 for the



hospital, $25 for the Red Cross and $10 for the Boy Scouts. One does what one can. But medical expenses were terrible—in all, $1,301. Thanks to Frank's age, $796.60 of that was deductible.

THEN there were those deductible items that made Frank and Evelyn a little sick as they wrote them down. The camera, for instance, that they had bought in September cost them $79.50 and was stolen out of the car before they had even shot up the first roll of film. Take it all off; no depreciation on that. Even worse was what happened to the summer cottage the month before. In 1946, when Frank bought it, it cost $7,500 and it was worth $9,000 up to the moment the hurricane struck in August. Ten minutes later they had an equity of $5,800—so said the appraiser. Thirty-two hundred dollars gone with the wind, as Evelyn remarked. No, not entirely gone; they got $2,000 from the insurance company; but still, a $1,200 Uncompensated Loss (see Chapter 37, "Casualties and Thefts").

Now let us lighten this picture of gloom. Flipping to page 3 of their return, we find there were windfalls as well as wind storms. Frank's annuity began paying off, for instance. There was small though gratifying interest from the Series E bonds, from the account in the State Savings Bank and from the Fidelity Building and Loan Association. Of course, the dividends from those South American Development Company stocks didn't qualify for the $50 exclusion, but then they only amounted to $75. Evelyn, too, had a little income from stocks, and there was a satisfying rental from the store building they had money invested in. The bulk of their income—$10,846.55—came from the shoe-store partnership, of course; but there was also a small dividend declared by the partnership, and to this must be added salaries and wages (already entered on page 1 of the return): Evelyn's $1,400 from the Fashion Dress Shop and Frank's $1,153.75 received from Hometown's Retail Shoe Association for acting as its consultant. If it seems odd that Frank should be a salaried "consultant" perhaps it means only that we have underestimated his talent. This is no ordinary shoe salesman we are dealing with, despite the Treasury Department's disclaimer about the return being based on "assumed facts." We note in Schedule H that a very important windfall—not in terms of money necessarily, but in satisfaction—was the fifty dollars Frank won in an essay contest! And what do you suppose he wrote on? Why, the retail shoe business, of course; the Treasury Department tells us so on page 98.

PRINTER'S INK is said to get into the blood, and certainly one touch of publishing was enough to open new vistas of achievement to a man with the vision and ambition of Frank. If he could write an essay, why not a book? Why not, indeed? we can hear Evelyn agree. Fenimore Cooper began his literary career by impetuously deciding that he could

(*Continued on page 244.*)

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O'Casey: Forever Fare Thee Well

MIRROR IN MY HOUSE. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. Two volumes, $20. (Also available in the original six volumes, as follows: *I Knock at the Door,* $4; *Pictures in the Hallway;* $4; *Drums Under the Windows,* $5.50; *Innishfallen, Fare Thee Well,* $5; *Rose and Crown,* $4.75; *Sunset and Evening Star,* $4.75.)

John O'Shaughnessy

WITH *Sunset and Evening Star,* Sean O'Casey has completed the writing down of his life.

> What is all this for? Why have these things been written? Does one write for posterity? For a living? For a living undoubtedly. One of the Irish critics, warning me of calamity for writing as I have done now for over twenty years, says: "The long view of posterity may turn out to be a poor one." So it may, indeed, but I won't be there to hear it. My conscience lies within myself and not within the soul of posterity. T. S. Eliot writes somewhere: "We write to keep something alive, and not because we believe in success or expect a triumph." To keep something alive: there it is, and it is good enough. So, to posterity I say
>
> Fare thee well! and if forever,
> Still forever fare thee well.
> Caw! Caw! Caw!" *

This is O'Casey; he believes, and has amply demonstrated the strength of his belief. It is good that this is so, because his record of his own life, and the outward facts which support the record, show little reward for his effort in most of those things which the world has to give. Security he has never known; good health and the possession of all physical gifts have not been his; fame and the respect of the multitudes have never come to him unmixed with the screams and the insults and the brickbats of the envious, the ignorant or the affronted. Yet adversity seems only to have given him courage for the fray. "On we go," he says, "too human to be unafraid; but too human to let fear put an end to us."

The canvas of the autobiographies is not merely the life of its author-hero, Johnny Casside, slum-born scion of poverty, filth and disease, who came through seventy winters of pain, starvation, disillusionment, bloody woundings and critical blasts —and as many summers of joy, and love and song and laughter—to be ranked finally as one of the great living masters of the English language in our time; it is also a canvas of the world Johnny Casside lived in. Perhaps it will be one of the enduring records of that time.

A SENSE of the world around him is the basic attitude of the work; not what is here but what it leads to; not what is now, but what can be, what will be, is important. Only this can explain the joyousness of the whole. Even in the caustic dissection of the pompous, the smug, the rich; in the setting down of criticisms, quarrels, bitter blasts against the stately, the powerful, the well-fed, the corrupt, there runs a constant and wildly exulting stream of joy. Life, "a wide branching flame good to see and to behold," has room for all things. There is meanness, ugliness, bitterness; there is poverty and oppression, stupidity and blind, bigoted ignorance: dark colors woven through the tapestry; but the red colors of blood and battle, the gold of sunshine and song, the green of all living things, purple of wine and fire, and blue of the sea and the sky dominate. O'Casey is an idealist, not a pessimist.

The cast of character is long. In the Dublin volumes O'Casey's own family furnishes the thread of the narrative; his mother, a magical re-creation in his recollection, dominates this part of the series. There are lasting portraits, too, set against the pattern of the historic Transport Workers' Strike, the Easter Rising, the time of the "troubles" and the Civil War. Loving tribute and a deserved measure of immortality are bestowed on Jim Larkin, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Paudrigh Pearse and the Reverend E. M. Griffin, friend of O'Casey's youth.

The English volumes provide fewer glimpses of family life, of personal relationships. O'Casey's wife is shadowy, his children rarely participate in the action; friends and cronies come and go, busily sketched in a few effective pages. It is for a select handful, idols, or Goliaths to his David, to take the stage and stand naked and vulnerable, or simply garlanded, before the overpowering O'Casey prose: Shaw, a titan and well-loved; Yeats, "one of Ireland's incantations," a titan and gingerly respected; A. E., a balloon figure leading a procession of adulatory clowns; Lady Gregory, enshrined with love; Dr. Walter McDonald of Maynooth College, C. B. Cochran, Augustus John.

And over all, through all, glows and burns and vitalizes the magnificence of the language. Listen, listen! to the description of Nazi bombs bursting into bloody flower over the Devon countryside during the War; to the lost, frightening, cold and empty blackness of an English blackout; to the loveliness of a suddenly-seen field of pale blue butterflies floating over a sunny meadow at Coole; to a frosty night, silence-bound, spent in a cell-like student's room at Cambridge. A storm at sea; snow; the sad coda of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And in the earlier

*Foreword to *The Green Crow.* By Sean O'Casey. George Braziller. $3.95.

JOHN O'SHAUGNESSY has worked in the New York theatre as actor and director since 1932. His most recent directorial assignment was O'Casey's Red Roses for Me. *Before that he staged* Command Decision, Phoenix Too Frequent, Freight. *He has also directed the Ann Arbor Festival, University of Michigan, and written for television.*

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volumes the pulse-quickening account of the midnight raid against the tenement home of Bessie Ballynoy; the terrible death of O'Casey's brother Tom; of his sister Ella; the entrance onto the scene of the poet, William Butler Yeats; and the heartbreaking comedy of a tattered slumlad's journey through a Dublin rain wetter than "the forty days and forty nights"—Deluge itself—to pay his Sunday devoirs to his Creator.

A HIGHLY personal writer, O'Casey has been accused of losing some of his force and power after he exiled himself. It is true that he has never again found an enemy so able to draw out of him all the passions and the furies of an Olympian as was afforded by the cause of Irish Freedom, bound up as it was with the cultural renaissance of nationalism, the religious struggle of Protestant against Catholic, the historical and political orientation against monarchical control, and the growing power and effectiveness of socialism. The world as it had existed everywhere was changing, but for O'Casey the change was pinpointed in the experiences of the Irish patriot. He was one with them, and the material of *Juno and the Paycock*, *Shadow of a Gunman*, *The Plough and the Stars* flared into a personal reflection of the period. The material was documentary; what he did with the material was individual, mighty, creatively touched with his genius. And this was what startled the world which learned of him then into immediate and cheering attention.

Then the Easter Rising and its consequences "pulled down a dark curtain of eternal separation between him and his best friends." That the cleavage was hurtful is open to question; certainly there is no letting off of O'Casey's writing in the last thirty years. *Purple Dust* is a better-made play than his earlier ones; the emotional effectiveness of *Red Roses For Me* is as overwhelming—as those who were permitted to see its brief incarnation in New York a few seasons ago may testify; and the intellectual impact of *Cock-A-Doodle Dandy* is more shattering. Note that the autobiography was written entirely during the past twenty-five years, years when O'Casey was away from Ireland. "The better to see you, my dear?" Perhaps.

What has changed, then? What is missing?

The face of the adversary has changed. The sense of the immediate, the experienced, the sense of participation is missing. For the reader, the listener, it is not difficult to respond to the simple facts of life and death; of bar-room threnodies; of love and lust, and the grinding struggle to better the lot of humankind. The villain is known and the heroes are ourselves.

IT IS the lack of a personal enemy which creates a sense of loss in the later O'Casey work. The hierarchy of the Catholic Church, being many, is no one; certainly, try as he may, O'Casey does not convince us that he has met an adversary on the level of personal experience: there is none of the tumult, the war-cry, the flashes of lightning, the flame and thunder that colored the lively memoirs of the glorious days of the Gaelic League, the Irish Brotherhood, the Sinn Fein, the I.R.A., and the Citizens' Army and the Volunteers.

O'Casey's espousal of communism, too, seems the less personally convincing the more it becomes theoretically accepted. Indeed, he says himself: "Communism is not an invention of Marx; it is a social growth," and O'Casey came to his sense of and acceptance of the Socialist roots of communism through his growth as a social being, through experience. His vision of a wider, freer world for the total development of man, of man's infinite resources, existed before he embraced the tenets of modern-day communism.

But the enemy of the working man, capitalism; and the enemy of the free inquiring spirit of man (in O'Casey's view), the Roman Catholic hierarchy, are impersonal

True North

There is another country to the north.
How to mate language
To those mute mountains?
Even now in snow
More formidable, light,
They shine beyond my active trust.

I have it in the grasses to be quick,
Where the chipmunk jumps,
The squirrel falls from a branch
Catching himself lower down, still high;
I have it in the owl,
At nightfall calling in the hemlock boughs.

The river itself is plain to me as talk
Between the turning banks,
A dialogue of time
Eventuating seaward,
Question and answer
And graceful recognitions of the present year.

Children have no failure, always
Fending off solemnities.
What have they to do
With any darkness present in the day,
Plato and Aristotle?
Their speech is whole and free.

There is another country, though,
Up north, where that
Pure mountain violates
Susceptibilities of sense,
It lures me high and fair
Beyond these worlds that change and disappear.

RICHARD EBERHART

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enemies, and his jousts with them in the latter part of his creative life are less *to the death* than *ad infinitum*. No matter, the record is complete, and moving in its lacks and failures as much as in its triumphs.

"To serve one's own generation is almost as much as one can do," he says near the end of *Sunset and Evening Star*. There are those who feel that he has served his generation well; and those who would accord him the satisfaction of knowing that posterity may well feel that he has served them too. Although he has recorded a long past, still at seventy-three he sends his energies into a last jaunty "hurrah!" to the future, and to the generation to come, with the sole reminder that it is "only the young who possess the world."

Ladies' Day on Parnassus

VILLA NARCISSE. By Katherine Hoskins. The Noonday Press. $3.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF KATHLEEN RAINE. Random House. $3.50.

LIKE A BULWARK. By Marianne Moore. The Viking Press. $2.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

WHILE all other poets should study simplicity, Katherine Hoskins is at her best moving with gaily elegant artificiality among sad paradoxes. Not that she pretends to be a lady-Pagliacci, but she does get at *reality* better that way, as the high points of *Villa Narcisse*—the few poems like "Excursion," "At Night It's Like a Different Planet," and "To the Patron," this last so much like Marvell yet so beautifully and personally Mrs. Hoskins' own—all show. When she deals with simplicities, we too often find ourselves pondering the obvious, learning how the busy, lecherous bee doth ravish the garish petunia, or how the girl who once lay so happily on her lover's chest, "belly on bone, knee on knee," finds herself, after marriage, a "disappointed housekeeper," or how generous the poor are and how irrecoverable or cruel is childhood. Give her some fine outlandish conceit, however, full of strained and morbid farfetchings, such as that the mind is a dull, habitually terrified rabbit on a wintry landscape, and she goes flying into the empyrean with a zeal that would be pure delight if her empyrean were a trifle sunnier.

> An axle-pole revolves down sealèd
> bearings and the climate of pain
> swings in. Mind's hutch dissolves,
> the carrots long and rose, viridian
> lettuces, the water, silver meshed
> and roofed secure. Mind, reluctant,
> unresistant, pricked and lured
> lopes away. . . .

Such delicate felicity of phrase and line goes with a mind not only fanciful and capable of subtle, sustained elaboration of a thought but also very much engaged in life. A chief objection to these poems is that Mrs. Hoskins is less rigorous with herself than she should be. "A Dream," for instance, promises a great deal. It is charged with a guilty eroticism derived from contemplating a viciously depressing dream the speaker has endured, but is sealed off with a too facile turn at the end. "M's Story," which strikes notes as witty yet poignant as anything of Ransom's, and "The Sisters" are among the other partial successes, in which one feels the necessary last effort has not quite been made. Yet there is something durable and appealing in all these poems, and in the book as a whole: an authoritative feeling for the toughness and resilience of the materials the poet has to master. In Melville's language, may she find the "time, strength, cash, and patience" which the mastery will require.

MYSTERIOUS Kathleen Raine! She is, peace to poor John Ciardi's as yet unbroken bones, what Anne Lindbergh in another life might have become, perhaps. A kind of intellectual primitive, she is forever seeking to close in on the "still point," the radiant source and center of things. She is a mystic this side revelation, as it seems to me, with a power of concentrated incantation that very nearly overbears her essential coldness. She wants to be taken out of her own skin, and at least once, in her "Invocation" for the making of a poem, has rendered that desire in the imagery of masochistic violence:

> Let my body sweat
> let snakes torment my breast
> my eyes be blind, ears deaf, hands
> distraught
> mouth parched, uterus cut out,
> belly slashed back lashed
> tongue slivered into thongs of
> leather
> rain stones inserted in my breasts,
> head severed
>
> if only the lips may speak,
> if only the god will come.

The frenzy here is rare for this poet. More characteristic is her "In the Beck," which catches the strangeness of the life-principle in a figure at once elusive and perfectly lucid:

> There is a fish, that quivers in the
> pool,
> itself a shadow, but its shadow,
> clear.
> Catch it again and again, it still
> is there.

There is charm and spontaneity enough in this conception to thaw its chill somewhat. Not so with "The Crystal Skull," whose calculated structuring has the aim of pulverizing our sense of individuality in a vision of destruction of the humanly meaningful world by "the perfection of light."

> At the focus of thought there is no
> face,
> the focus of the sun is in crystal
> with no shadow.
> Death of the victim is the power
> of the god.

If the pain in Raine stays mainly in the brain, it is probably out of choice—because her feeling is all too strong, not too weak. "Woman to Lover" is couched objectively, in a series of metaphors rip-

Detailed, dramatic, fascinating . . .

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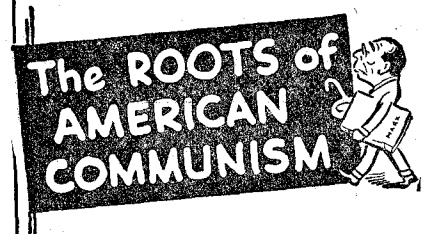

by THEODORE DRAPER

The first and key volume in the Fund for the Republic's study of Communism in American Life: Clinton Rossiter, General Editor.

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pling out into ever wider connotations. A poem on grief, "Introspection," purges its emotions by considering the indifference into which all things die away. The poet finds it necessary to displace private emotion by such means and by striving to invoke the "peace that passeth understanding." She displaces it also through her curious nostalgia, not merely for her own irrevocable past but for that of the whole past, seen in evolutionary perspective.

> I am what is not what I was.
> Seas, trees, and bird, alas!
> Sea, tree, and bird was I!

The infinity of perspective, the need to escape the here and pierce the "intense inane" carry their own risks: flatness, vapidity, a curious callousness that at times resembles insensitive inspirationalism, a variety of pedantry even. Miss Raine does not always avoid the pitfalls, but when she does come through it is with an indescribable grace and lightness and with the music, as she says, of

> Harmonious shells that whisper for
> ever in our ears,
> 'The world that you inhabit has not
> yet been created.'

NOTHING is easier (*vide* the recent *New Yorker* profile which pictured her as the most delightful animated toy, barring the Dodgers, in Brooklyn) than to take a gourmet's view of Marianne Moore. She is "sprightly" and "spriggy"; if you like to savor plain fare exquisitely garnished and served, she will shred your radishes deftly and add a grain of pepper:

> Look at Jonah embarking from
> Joppa, deterred by
> the whale; hard going for a
> statesman whom nothing
> could detain. . . .

In a shrewd, almost folksy, way she is a fellow of infinite jest, though the jests have an indomitable innocence to them, like the private jokes of families. By now, of course, it is no longer necessary to prove that there is a "good deal more" to Miss Moore's work than fastidious and innocent audacity of wit and association. William Carlos Williams once wrote of her special modernity:

> Unlike the painters the poet has not resorted to distortions or the abstract in form. Miss Moore accomplishes a like result by rapidity of movement. . . . It gives the impression of a passage through.

That was in *1931!* The century has aged considerably since then, but not Miss Moore. Her "Logic and 'The Magic Flute'" might have been written to illustrate the method described by Williams; it begins with the experience of going up into the "small audience-room" of the NBC Opera Theatre to watch a colorcast performance of *The Magic Flute*:

> Up winding stair,
> here,where, in what theatre lost?
> was I seeing a ghost—
> a reminder at least
> of a sunbeam or moonbeam
> that has not a waist?
> By hasty hop
> or accomplished mishap,
> the magic flute and harp
> somehow confused themselves
> with China's precious wentle-
> trap.

The wentletrap is an elegant marine shell whose name derives from the German for winding staircase. The speaker is keenly aware of the analogy she has made between this beautiful creation of an unconscious organism working without anxiety or any sense of being burdened by special "fetters" and the creations of human beings under the circumstances of modern life. "You need not shoulder, need not shove," she writes —even though the performance is being given within the very precincts of the essence of modern pressure,

> Near Life and Time
> in their peculiar catacomb.

Outdoors the "interlacing pairs" of skaters in the Rockefeller Center ice-rink are weaving another formal pattern, again unconscious. Marianne Moore remains as alert to such resemblances within resemblances as ever, and as insistent on her own stubborn, morally tough and challenging meliorism. Woe's us, she chooses Mr. Eisenhower as the parallel symbol in our political life of the most creative pragmatic tradition—and of "Diversity, controversy; tolerance":

> blessed is the author
> who favors what the supercil-
> ious do not favor—
> who will not comply. Blessed, the
> unaccommodating man.

Ah, well, she may yet be right, and it may be that her hero's "illumined eye has seen the shaft that gilds the sultan's tower." If she errs in this matter, and if most Americans err with her, it is not for lack of faith in the qualities thought to inhere in the President. At least she is not too proud to be with the majority, and—as she says of Jonah—she is after all "one who would not rather die than repent." *Like A Bulwark,* indeed, is as a whole a praise of the durable in life, the richly common. Miss Moore's characterization of the rosemary may in this sense stand for the whole. This shrub, she says,

> is not too legendary
> to flower both as symbol and as
> pungency.
> Springing from stones beside the
> sea,
> the height of Christ when thirty-
> three—
> not higher. . . .

Not higher? Then we'll have to settle for the miraculous best we actually have. And looked at rightly, that's her whole point.

On the Death of an Ordinary Man

Clichés have come and buried him
Beneath the usual grass,
As laughter waited quietly
For his small dirge to pass.

His wife was sure he had been there;
His child paused in play;
While time subsided with the sun
To lengthen yesterday.

DEATT HUDSON

Rich Failure

UP-HILL ALL THE WAY. By Miriam Allen DeFord. Antioch Press. $4.

Harvey O'Connor

IT'S A poor nation that doesn't breed a handful of Maynard Shipley's in a generation. This intense, stiff-necked agitator-scholar who never finished grammar school found it Up-Hill All The Way because he insisted on conforming only to his own conscience. His monumentally-designed works on crime and punishment and evolutionary science were never published, but his writing on those subjects won him world-wide recognition and excerpts, published in Haldeman-Julius' Little Blue Books, reached millions of readers. In the 1920's he attained national stature as director of the Science League of America, which led the fight on the anti-evolutionists and their Tennessee "monkey laws."

OUT of a wretched boyhood (his father's favorite punishment was to half-drown the boy in the bathtub; later he was sent to a reform school) and a poverty-wracked life (for years he made his living as a shoe clerk and then taught piano, although he had never had formal musical training) came his concern for criminal justice, for rationalism and for socialism. Half a lifetime in

HARVEY O'CONNOR is the author of The Empire of Oil.

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Socialist agitation ended for him in the early 1920s when, as he saw it, the left wing became enamored of foreign ways and the right wing went "soft." He remained what we would now call a "doctrinaire" Socialist.

Maynard Shipley missed "success" a dozen times. He was about to receive the honorary degree of a university when it was discovered that he was a Socialist. He declined a chair in criminal law at Northwestern University because he lacked academic training. His beloved Socialist movement became bankrupt; his Science League, after the Scopes trial, became defunct. Shipley was a man cast in the uncompromising pioneer mold; this honest, revealing story by his widow is the record of a richly unsuccessful life.

THEATRE

Robert Hatch

TELEVISION writers have been doing rather well selling their used copy to Hollywood. Now Arnold Schulman has brought to Broadway a yarn he wrote originally as an air drama. *A Hole in the Head* (Plymouth), which is almost sure to be one of the spring's most amiable hits, is scarcely adapted to the point where it hides its origin. It is a script (few people, I think, would call it a play) at once full of action and devoid of movement; it contains a series of crises but no conflict; every character is playing on the same team—lovable Sidney's team—and the final curtain means only that the time is up for this evening.

HAROLD CLURMAN, who is directing Tennessee Williams' Orpheus Descending, *is at present out of town supervising the pre-Broadway tryouts*

At this level of commercial entertainment, *A Hole in the Head* is a perfect achievement. Mr. Schulman writes a combination of sentimentality and caricature that warms an audience like tea. Sidney is a no-good innocent with bigshot illusions, a widower and a sweet, exasperated father to his twelve-year old quiz-kid son. He runs a bankrupt Florida motel (a busy confectionery set by Boris Aronson, which revolves in an arc of thirty degrees for no particular reason) on the strength of a gaudy wardrobe and the grudging support of a successful New York brother. In this episode, brother and sister-in-law have come down to adopt the boy in exchange for a new loan. Other possibilities are suggested: a widow with a modest competence is materialized for Sidney (but there is a toothsome divorcee upstairs), something is said about a nice little five-and-dime just waiting for a sensible couple in a small New England city. The widow can cook and the divorcee takes herself off to Cuba, but we viewers know that nothing real is going to happen to threaten the sure-fire story line of Sidney and his kid running that Florida holiday flophouse.

The dialogue is a distillation of the conversation heard from the next booth in any Sixth Avenue delicatessen—extravagant, ironic, glittering with incongruity, always skirting rage or tears.

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The lines fairly bounce with vitality—and it is by the lines that you must judge the success of dialogue comedy.

Absolutely successful also is the production. A cast headed by Paul Douglas, with David Burns and Kay Medford as his relatives and Tommy White almost eerily on the right note as his son, moves under Garson Kanin's direction with the confidence and homogeneity of a strong repertory company. They are not playing Chekhov or O'Casey or Shakespeare—they are playing Schulman at so many yaks per minute—but on the score of matching style to content they are the equal of any fabulous enterprise you care to name.

A Hole in the Head earns your respect, and in large measure your affection, by understanding itself so thoroughly. Professionalism at a high enough level becomes its own subject matter. There is no creative life in it; in fact its perfection is a mortal danger to creation, which is never perfect. *A Hole in the Head* is so good that it is a direct threat to the future of tragedy, comedy, melodrama and even the bedroom farce. Professionalism, not vulgarity, is the gun that television holds at our head.

EVEN if the talent were available—and with the exception of Beatrice Lillie it is not available—a 1957 edition of the *Ziegfeld Follies* would be dragged under by ghosts and would die of the fact that we have known Hitler, Hiroshima, social security, loyalty probes and *Oklahoma.* It is possible to recapture the age of Marlowe, but the age of Ziegfeld is gone forever.

The show at the Winter Garden is squalid—ugly costumes, dreary sets, a ghastly false gaiety, a loud, empty score. The opening skit is based on the confusion arising from the fact that the lady is talking about her puppies and the gentleman thinks she is discussing her bubbies. This is sturdy burlesque—it has been played in every town that ever boasted a trolley car—but from that point on the humor subsides into coma.

There remains Miss Lillie. Her present appearance is a sorrow to those who love her, but like all great clowns she is seemingly ageless and her vitality does not diminish. We have been deprived too long of her acid tonic, and I can only hope that some sane producer will rescue her from this *Follies* fiasco and give her a revue of her own.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

This is the second of two articles on television news

TELEVISION'S attempt to make daily journalism one of its functions has not succeeded. Dissatisfied viewers, querulous TV critics, reluctant newscasters all attest that news has somehow missed the channel boat. A close look shows that the failure has deep causes: the pattern of the medium—which applies with fair comfort to drama, panel shows, quiz shows, and can even be stretched to accommodate documentaries, news-in-depth studies, music and opera—does not fit the cloth of journalism. The pattern requires that what appears on the home screen must entertain the viewer and that it must observe the first rule of good hucksterism—offend nobody. Journalism, on the other hand, sells news and opinion for a profit; a newspaper is held to account for the accuracy of the news and the responsibility of the opinion that it disseminates. It could hardly survive with a conception of news as being either consistently amusing or consistently neutral.

The show business attitude toward news, not only requires verbal gymnastics of its commentators, who must weave unrelated stories into a palatable whole and at the same time make themselves felt as personalities to catch the viewer's attention, but also limits the choice of stories. Even newscasters, attending a conference on public service programming sponsored by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company in Boston, last week, were shocked by News Director Bill Burns of KDKA-TV, Pittsburgh. "You can John Foster Dulles them to death," he said. "Television news can do a better job than radio or newspapers because we are also in show business, and we know how to attract the eye and ear of the viewer, and give them something interesting. How much King Saud can they take?" He illustrated his point with news film of a local lady who went out to pay rent in shortie pyjamas somewhat unbecoming to her 250-pound figure, and of some children praying for their schoolhouse, on fire across the street.

Impartiality—the absence of an editorial page from TV news—is the other basic incompatability. The recent slaps administered by CBS to its two top news men, Eric Sevareid and Edward R. Murrow, for their separate expressions of opinion on Dulles' policy regarding American reporters in China touched off a new round of argument on "objectivity" vs. "editorializing." CBS takes the position that its newsmen are reporters whose peculiar talent is that they can present and explain the news without expressing any views on the events and personalities under consideration. Its news staff easily tops the field in ability and performance, and has won more awards than any other, but only because it consistently if furtively circumvents this network policy. Jack Gould, New York *Times* critic, stated the case as pertinently as anyone:

> It is humanly impossible to comment on the meaning of the news without bringing some sense of personal orientation to the task. The mere evaluation of the importance of a story calls for the exercise of judgment that is bound to be fallible; indeed the most subtle and dangerous form of editorializing is not to cover a story at all.

The other networks use other devices to maintain an appearance of objectivity. "We encourage outspoken, highly personalized discussion and criticism of the world's events by our commentators," says ABC news chief John Daly, who goes on to explain: "In our spectrum system, all viewpoints, from the very conservative to the very liberal, are represented by men sincerely devoted to their beliefs." This suspiciously neat balance was greeted by huzzahs in the press. No one stopped to consider that the device is objective only if the viewer changes his newscaster from day to day, a process exactly the opposite of his known habit of picking a favorite and sticking with him. Under the ABC system the commentator's definite but unannounced bias colors the news received by his followers. It is like reading an unlabeled editorial in a paper without a name.

NBC straddles the fence. Vice President Davidson Taylor says: "A genuine effort is made to report the news objectively and accurately, and those staff members who are equipped to do so are encouraged to add illuminating and helpful comment and opinion." He explains, however, that a clear demarcation between reporting and comment is accomplished by the tone of the voice and by the use of such expressions as "this would seem to indicate," or "we understand this to mean." But I have yet to catch either of his star team of Huntley and Brinkeley using these verbal signposts, nor have I heard any change of voice to announce a switch from fact to opinion. The we-do-and-we-don't position is emphasized by pro-

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ducer Reuven Frank and news chief Bill McAndrew who assert in a masterful bit of doubletalk that the NBC team approach offers a grade of objectivity superior to that of "the star system of the other network because we all come out of the news discipline and are not afraid to express opinion."

Neither the star, the spectrum nor the straddle system is going to resolve the dilemma, because it is built right into the nature of TV journalism. In the reporting of news, the writer stands well in the shadow of the events he is recording. But the essence of the TV approach is that a screen personality is talking to you. If he is an interesting personality, as he must be to get anywhere at all in television, he obviously has opinions. And if at every turn he tries to conceal them, he is hoodwinking his audience.

It is high time that TV news grew up. It should stop trying to be entertainment, and start trying to be valid journalism. And what it needs to be objective and effective journalism is a frank admission that opinion is opinion. If TV hired commentators for the vigor and variety of their viewpoints, urged them to present and interpret the news according to their best convictions, allowed them to use film to back up and make vivid their impressions and did not restrict them to their present function as caption writers for news footage, it would very soon attract men of stature to add to the very few operating today. As any newspaper owner can bear witness, this procedure will bring brickbats along with cheers, but TV will have to overcome its sensitivity to criticism. Or it will have to give journalism back to the journalists.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

March 17 through 21

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, March 17

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT (NBC; Hallmark Hall of Fame). Robert Sherwood's play has been shifted from Finland, 1939, to Hungary during the recent revolt. Katherine Cornell and Charles Boyer.

KNIGHT LIFE (ABC; Johns Hopkins File 7). Feudalism and the relationship of knighthood to woman's rise as a social force, discussed by Dr. Sidney Painter, professor of mediaeval history.

THE ORIGINAL MISS CHASE (NBC; Alcoa Hour). An adaptation—and odd rechristening—of Frederick Lonsdale's *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*. Nanette Fabrey plays the honky-tonk singer turned socialite jewel thief.

Monday, March 18

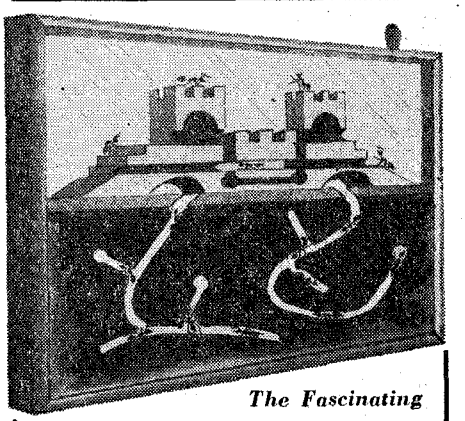
TALES OF WELLS FARGO (NBC). First chapter of a new "adult Western series," another in a period of history that will soon be documented to death.

Wednesday, March 20

HEMO THE MAGNIFICENT (CBS). Second in the science series that led off with *Our Mr. Sun*, the new subject being the circulation of the blood. The same actors as before, Richard Carlson and Frank Baxter, with new cartoon characters. Produced by Frank Capra with scientific advisers

Thursday, March 21

THE HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTES' (CBS; Playhouse 90). Biography of Perle Mesta. Shirley Booth, in her first dramatic appearance on TV, plays the famous hostess and extraordinary minister to Luxembourg in a 90-minute summary of Mrs. Mesta's life. A.W.L.



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MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE JUILLIARD QUARTET, when I first heard it play Schönberg and Bartock, impressed me with its excellence in every respect except tone, which was dry. In recent years the group has been playing the older repertory; and I recall being agreeably surprised by the grace, the exquisite phrasing and the beautiful integration of its recorded performances of two Mozart quartets, but noting the coarse and wiry violin sound, for which I thought Columbia's recording must be partly responsible. But at a recent concert of the Concert Society of New York I heard the group in a performance of Beethoven's Op. 132 that was a superb realization of the work and a superb quartet operation except again for the flawed sound, which this time I traced to the tone of the first violin. There can be beautiful tone from the other three strings, but if there is not beautiful tone from the first violin there will not be beautiful sound from the entire quartet.

With the Beethoven the concert offered an unfamiliar Sonata in A by Telemann and Schubert's rarely played Guitar Quartet in G, each of which was uninteresting in its own way.

At a recital at the Frick Collection in which he played a Handel suite, Bach's

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Partita in B flat and a number of Scarlatti sonatas, Fernando Valenti demonstrated once more something that doesn't seem to be sufficiently realized: that his harpsichord playing is the finest that is now to be heard, in the way it uses the instrument and the way it imparts exciting life to the music with its sensitive inflection and powerful tensions. Anyone who is not yet acquainted with it should acquire Lyrichord 47 with the magnificent performances of Bach's Toccatas in C minor and D and Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, or one of Valenti's Westminster records of Scarlatti sonatas. I wish only that he would use a more delicate-sounding harpsichord, like the one used by Malcolm on his London record of Scarlatti sonatas.

I was unable to hear the Smetana Quartet, the official chamber music group of the Czech Philharmonic, when it played at a concert of the Concert Society of New York; but Angel 45,000 has provided an opportunity to hear its performances of Mozart's Quartets K.421 and 428, and to discover that it plays the opening Allegros in tempos too fast for the expressive character and effective articulation and phrasing of the music, and plays both slow and fast movements without any of the sensitiveness, fluidity and grace of the Budapest Quartet's performances of the same works on Columbia records.

Sensitiveness, fluidity, grace and marvelous beauty of blended string tone are heard in the Quartetto Italiano's playing, on Angel 45,001, in the charming little Boccherini Quartet Op. 44 No 4 (*La Tiranna Spagnola*), a lovely little Quartet in G minor by Galuppi, and a pleasant but diffuse and excessively long Quartet in G minor by Cambini. *La Tiranna Spagnola,* played by the Carmirelli Quartet, was also on London's recent LL-1454.

The performance of Schubert's *Death and the Maiden* Quartet by the Hollywood Quartet on Capitol P-8359 is very good, and would be even better if the first violin's tone retained in soft passages the tensile strength and lustre it has in loud ones. The recorded sound needs drastic reduction of treble to make it agreeable.

Two excellent performances of Mozart's Violin Sonata K.454 by Oistrakh and Yampolsky have been issued: one recorded in Russia on Monitor 2005, and a later one recorded in England on Angel 35356. The Monitor performance is reproduced acceptably, but less beautifully than the Angel: and whereas the Angel record offers in addition a dazzling performance of Tartini's fine *Devil's Trill* Sonata, the Monitor record has an unfamiliar and uninteresting Bach Sonata in C for two violins and clavier played by Oistrakh and his son Igor with Yampolsky, and an equally unfamiliar but charming little Beethoven Trio No. 9 dating from 1785, which is played delightfully by Gilels, Kogan and Rostropovitch.

Franck's Violin Sonata, one of his better pieces, gets from Lola Bobesco and Jacques Genty, on London LL-1549, one of the best performances I have heard. The record also offers Fauré's Sonata Op. 13.

Expériences Anonymes EA-0013, *English Keyboard Music,* offers on one side a large number of small pieces, some of them too short to make any effect, most of them engaging, a couple—a Pavan by Newman and Tallis' *O ye tender babes*—outstandingly beautiful. More satisfying are the long pieces on the other side: Bull's *In Nomine* (the one on EMS 236), Byrd's *Ut Re My Fa Sol La,* and—especially fine—Tomkins' *The Perpetual Round* and *Fortune My Foe.* Good playing by Paul Wolfe on an excellent-sounding harpsichord.

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LOVE and FORM 1940

(*Continued from page 236.*)

write a better book. And so, we think, has Frank Jones. He sat down and wrote his book, and it was published in 1956 by the Acme Publishing Company of Cleveland. There we have the record in Schedule G, the proud notation: "Book Royalties, $117.50." Again we are indebted to the explanatory text supplied by the Treasury Department for the information that the book is about "shoe merchandising"—presumably retail. Perhaps this is the beginning of a whole new career for Frank Jones. This year a book on shoe merchandising, next year—who knows?—perhaps a novel, maybe a volume of verse. After all, if Frank can just refrain from lending money to deadbeats, he and Evelyn can get by on the income from their investments. Frank, Jr., will soon be through college, and Marie ought to be getting married. If he can just manage. . . .

But wait, aren't we guilty of reading into the story what is not there? Ought we to expect a sequel in next year's edition of *Your Federal Income Tax?* Will Frank's brother take back the invalid sister's exemption? Will Jane Jones wise up to the fact that you can't live in New York on $900 a year and demand more alimony? Will the police recover the stolen camera? Will the book on shoe merchandising go into a paper-back edition? Will the movies buy it as a starring vehicle for Ernest Borgnine? Will Evelyn give up her job and devote herself to cleaning up Frank's spelling?

Alas, friend Frank is not yet launched on a spectacular career as writer. If he's smart he'll pitch into the inventory work down at the store and keep a wary eye on the South American Development Company. Because publishing that little book on shoe selling isn't so much. Look at Schedule A, "Income from Dividends," the first item: "Acme Publishing Co. (Husband)—$200.00." Now we see why he got his silly book into print. The rascal owns stock in the publishing company.

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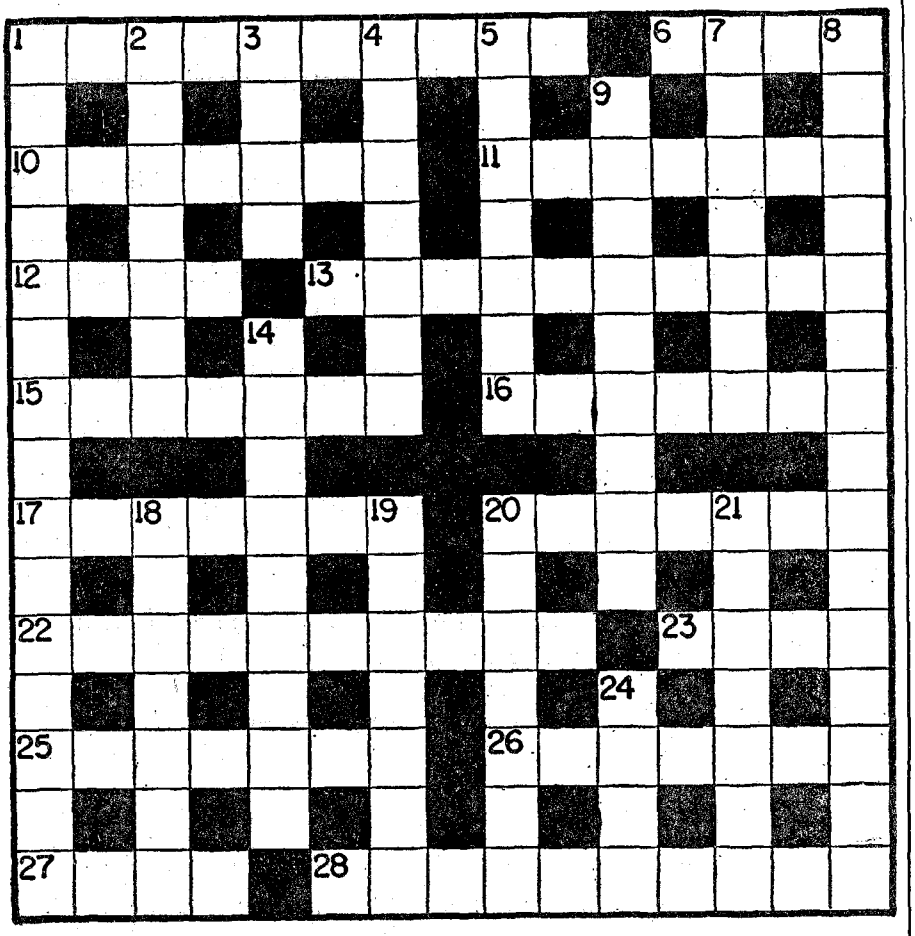
Crossword Puzzle No. 715

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Writer who made common girls estimable. (10)
6, 14 down and 10 across Sometimes said by retiring persons. (3, 1, 3,2, 4, 2, 5)
10 See 6 across
11 Rather unorthodox smoking jackets! (7)
12 Might more easily catch a fish than catch a crocodile. (4)
13 One who evidences cargo? (10)
15 The point in the heavens at which the paths of meteors seem to meet, when traced barkward. (7)
16 Liquor and butter? (No wonder it's often stiffened!) (7)
17 Halt, in a manner of speaking. (7)
20 Refer to something which is not mine. (7)
22 Especially if the loaves are round! (5, 5)
23 Destructive in 1169, 1693, and 1832. (4)
25 Get fresh, and rush around, as the terms might be. (7)
26 See 3 down
27 Toys made in the fashion of a coach. (4)
28 In a distracted manner. (10)

DOWN:

1 Be far from acclaimed, when you gather such fruit. (3, 3, 9)
2 Does Sal get roped like this? (7)
3, 26 across, and 9 down Maggie's good time. (4, 3, 3,1, 4, 5)
4 Put the project in to soak, and then bury again. (7)
5 What the Minstrel Boy might be doing could be monotonous. (7)
7 A person's pitch is comparatively low, generally speaking. (3-4)
8 The wrong turn is taken before acquiring acumen with the agency. (15)
9 See 3 down
14 See 6 across
18 To state the sun rises in the infernal regions? (7)
19 Ask for more of the same. (7)
20 Foreign, but a layman is scarcely confused by it. (7)
21 Recited "How to make your den into something different". (7)
24 Pueblo indian. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 714

ACROSS: 1 UBIQUITOUS; 6 APED; 10 ELEGIAC; 12 NAVY BLUE; 13 ERASE; 15 RODIN; 17 DETRIMENT; 19 MISINFORM; 21 and 16 down UTTER NONSENSE; 23 TRIPE; 24 DICTATED; 27 CANASTA; 28 BATHTUB; 29 SURF; 30 RHINOCEROS. DOWN: 1 and 11 across USED CAR LOTS; 2 IRELAND; 3 UNITY; 4 and 24 down TICKLED TO DEATH; 5 and 18 down UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; 7 PROBATE; 8 DISSENTERS; 9 PRIE-DIEU; 14 DRUMSTICKS; 20 SPINNER; 22 TWEETER; 25 ATTIC; 26 EBBS.

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